

## DANA HAS MANY ALIASES

Held by Police on Charge of Forgery and Larceny.

Edward A. Dana, alias Montgrief, alias Davis, and a half dozen other names, who was arrested late Friday night by the police on a charge of forgery and larceny, was yesterday committed to jail to await a hearing in Police Court by the middle of the coming week.

Dana, alias Davis, was brought to headquarters yesterday morning, where his picture and berrillon measurements were taken for the rogues' gallery.

The police claim that the prisoner is one of the cleverest "check" men in the country, and that he is wanted by Western police officials, where he is alleged to have swindled various business men out of large sums of money. Captain Boardman, chief of detectives, has wired other cities to find out more about him.

Dana denies having passed any checks, and protests his innocence. He says he is a Washingtonian, his wife, who was also arrested with him Friday night, was yesterday liberated from the House of Detention, the police being unable to find out anything regarding her actions.

## LOBSTERS AND LOBSTERS.

The Term, in an Invidious Sense, Leads to Trouble.

Lobster—A fan-tailed, stalk-eyed, deep-bodied crustacean, with large claws—the of the scavengers of the sea.—Webster's Dictionary.

Lobster—A fink, a cheap skate, a dub, a slob, a has-been, a never-waser, a man with cold feet, a piker, one who butts in, a lunkhead, a ninnyhammer, a rincepoop.—From the Slang Dictionary.

"You're a lobster!" said Joseph Sieben, addressing G. H. Thiel, of the Thiel Detective Agency, says the "Chicago Journal."

And now Mr. Thiel has sued Mr. Sieben for \$25,000 damages, averring that it is worth that comfortable fortune to be called such a terrible name.

Suit has been filed in the circuit court and the judge will be called upon in September to decide just what the term "lobster," as applied to the human species, means.

Joseph Sieben is secretary of the Mutual Benefit and Aid Society in the Ashland block. He is a powerful athlete and is devoted to his bicycle.

Mr. Thiel doesn't take a back seat himself when it comes to bicycles. Thursday he was wheeling through Lincoln Park when he met a boy, likewise on a bicycle. The meeting was sudden and unexpected, and the boy got "the worst of it."

At this juncture Secretary Sieben came gliding along on his wheel. He says he saw Mr. Thiel in the act of riding away, while the boy lay injured on the ground.

"Hey, there!" called Mr. Sieben. As Mr. Thiel did not stop, Mr. Sieben gave chase and caught the detective.

"You were on the wrong side of the road," said Mr. Sieben.

"What business is it of yours?" inquired Mr. Thiel.

"You're a lobster!" returned Mr. Sieben.

The insurance man insisted on taking the detective to the Farrabee Street police station, which enterprise he was finally assisted by a policeman.

Lieut. Max Heideheimer attempted a diplomatic adjustment of the difficulty, but failed. Even Max had to admit that to be called a lobster was indeed an awful thing. But in the meantime the injured boy escaped.

Friday morning Detective Thiel awoke with a lobster taste in his mouth. He smelled lobster. He couldn't see anything but lobsters all around him. When he went to breakfast he served the hired girl, "I suppose you serve lobster here, too?"

"Yes, sir," said the girl meekly, "what will you have?"

This was too much. He hurried over to his attorney in the Women's Temple. First he swore out a warrant charging Mr. Sieben with having called him a lobster. Then he told the lawyer to begin the damage suit.

Mr. Sieben was arrested and taken before Justice Hall. He says that while in court Detective Thiel made a swipe at him, but hit the bailiff a swat in the jaw.

"I took off my glasses and was ready to fight him," said Mr. Sieben, "but they wouldn't let us."

The matter was disposed of; not by any means. Being called a lobster couldn't be disposed of in a justice court.

The practice has been filed in the circuit court.

"I did call him a lobster," declared Mr. Sieben, as he sat in the bicycle costume. "Yes, I called him a lobster and I meant it. He was a lobster. I am not afraid of him, even if he is trying to make me some trouble."—Savannah Morning News.

## EXPRESSION IN HAIR.

The Hirsute Appendage as an Indicator of Thought.

George Washington Woodruff, inventor of the guards back system of football, and coach of the University of Pennsylvania team for the past ten years, possesses the remarkable ability of being able to tell the thoughts formulated in a man's brain by watching the movement of the hair on the back of his head.

Woodruff, who, by the way, is nearly stood just a few feet behind his men when drilling them in formations, and by his peculiar psychological gift, claimed to know whether a player understood the signal or not, even before the ball was snapped.

"Pop" Newton, a 250-pound giant, with the strength of a Hercules, tried for four years to make the rank of substitute. Woodruff was unable to size up Newton's football intelligence for the reason that "Pop" was bald, and had only a little ring of hair around the back of his neck.

In the fall of 1899 everything went wrong with the Pennsylvania team. Individually the material was first class, but the men seemed utterly unable to get together, and were beaten in turn by Lafayette, Harvard and the Indians.

Thanksgiving day was almost at hand, and the opinion prevailed that Cornell would rush the red and blue clear of Franklin Field, but on the eve of the contest Woodruff announced to the writer that his team would win by a big score.

For the first time in the season he had found the hair on the back of every man's head moving in unison and exhibiting the sure sign of football intelligence. The next day Pennsylvania smothered Cornell under the overwhelming score of 41 to 0, and the whole college world wondered how it happened.—Philadelphia Press.

## KINDNESS TO CATS.

Felines Are Very Sensitive to Treatment You Give Them.

What are you going to do with your cat this summer? Has he enlisted, or doesn't he mean to fight anything worse than feline rivals? At any rate, don't leave him to forage for himself when the time comes to shut up the house and go away to the schools, beggars again. Pets will always be provided for, but the "kitchen cat," as he has been termed, is pretty sure to be turned adrift, unless somebody is merciful enough to have it put out of existence. Far better to feed the poor creature than to leave it to starve, wandering about the back yards and streets. The well-cared-for puss may hate being transported to strange places, but with a little care he soon acclimates himself to the change of scene and will be as happy as a king.

It is a satisfaction to note how many more people carry their cats into the country than happened to be the case a few years ago. Since the cruelty of boarding them out, or, worse still, of simply leaving them, has been brought to their attention, much greater consideration is shown to these sensitive creatures. Let it be said that kindness to helpless dumb animals always pays, at least it is believed that the average human being feels happier for sacrificing a little time and thought to their welfare. There are various ways of traveling with dogs and cats, but the latter are less amenable to railway methods and are timid and nervous, it is usually deemed best to shut them up in a basket. The consequence is the cat rarely dies of terror and suffocation. But a better method of treating the creature to rapid transit is to put him in a bag, with his head out. Then he can see where he is going, and any attempt to run away will be made futile. Trepidation and nervousness are the perquisites of the best intentioned cat owner, for it must be confessed it is difficult to control an animal with such a nervous organization, and one would rather manage a case of hysteria than a frightened feline. Both emotions are uncontrollable through reason.—Boston Herald.

## PREMIER AN INKKEEPER.

Richard Seddon Hostelry in the Early Days.

The first settlers in the British colonies had opportunities for self-advancement second to those in no other part of the world. The present visitor of Richard Seddon, premier of New Zealand, to London, recalls to a correspondent the time when he was an inkkeeper in the antipodes. "I remember him back in the 70's, long before he made his name," writes the person in question. "It was somewhere near 1875 that I was traveling on foot from Hokitika, on the western coast of the south island of New Zealand to the Waimea, now called Golden Bay. It was a boiling day and I was tired, hot, and thirsty, and I have a lively remembrance to this day of the satisfaction with which, after my long tramp, ending with half a mile of abominable walking up a dry, stony creek which in rainy weather would have been a watercourse, saw the fair-sized building, half hotel, half store, which meant the end of my journey for that day. Seddon was the name of the landlord, and I little thought when he came out to give me a genial welcome, followed by a wife and children, that I was speaking to the future premier of the country, destined one day to be the guest of the King."

"It was, I fancy, at this hotel that Mr. Seddon laid the foundations of his now large fortune. At any rate, he must have found both keeping and success, for when the digging town of Kumara was formed he built another hotel there, which catered to the miners and had several branches. It may be of interest to remember that the changes were decidedly moderate on a comparison with those made in the mining town, the sum of 30 shillings a week being an inclusive charge."—Philadelphia Record.

Memoirs of General De Galiffet.

General De Galiffet's reminiscences, which are being published in column installments three times a week in the "Gaulois" and "Journal des Debats," continue to provide material for mid-summer conversation, says a Paris dispatch to the "New York Tribune."

Indeed, everyone is talking about them, especially the incident which occurred when General Galiffet was a prisoner of war in Ems in 1870, when he relates that the Prince of Wales sent his enquiry to him, asking if he could be of any service and offering to provide him with money or anything he might need. General Galiffet thanked the Prince of Wales, and said he needed nothing but his liberty, and asked the prince if he could not persuade his brother-in-law, the crown prince of Prussia, to release him, he (Galiffet) being ready to give his word of honor that he would not serve in any other grade in the French army during the rest of the war except that of a private soldier. The Prince of Wales wrote back ten days afterward that he had communicated with the crown prince and King William, and "both were deeply impressed with the soldierly spirit thus manifested by you, and I hope in a few days you will be free and happy. Don't forget that I am personally quite as responsible for your word of engagement as you are, a responsibility that I gladly assumed at the King's own suggestion."

Two days afterward, however, came the following letter from the Prince of Wales: "Bad luck. You can no longer count upon what I had hoped to obtain for you. The King felt obliged to consent to Moltke, who said: 'Galiffet's request might be granted in an ordinary war, but I now object to it because the French nation is in such a state of extraordinary nervous tension and over-excitement that it would only be increased by Galiffet's act. His request does him great honor, but in my opinion it should not under the present circumstances be granted.' This settled the matter," wrote the Prince of Wales to his captive friend, "and I am exceedingly sorry for you."

Another amusing revelation is given by General Galiffet in his recollection of Gambetta, whom he used to meet frequently at dinner in the house of Mme. Juliette Adam. General Galiffet relates that one evening in 1890 he asked Gambetta and Skobloff to dine with him at a cozy little dinner in the Cafe Anglais. His two guests watched each other very closely and ate very little. General Galiffet was somewhat mortified because neither the statesman nor the soldier declined to dine with him at a superb buck table after having figured on the bill for 60 francs (or \$12).

THE FASHION SUIT AND CLOAK CO. of New York, failed recently. We have secured unusual bargains in ladies' suits and skirts. For example, jackets worth \$10, with new suit seams, \$6.75.

THE FASHION COMPANY, 720 9th St. N. W.

\$6 Fall Skirts, \$3.50

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Their principal conversation was their contention as to which of the two knew personally the greater number of dangerous political conspirators. They each cited a couple of dozen, and asked General Galiffet to be the judge in their dispute. He was amazed to find what sort of persons they both knew, but was unable to decide whether Gambetta or Skobloff had gained the prize.

## PICTURE DEALER'S MEMOIRS.

Gambart Spends Last Years in Writing His Life.

Mr. Ernest Gambart, who died last Monday at Les Palmiers, Nice, was engaged during the closing years of his life in the preparation of his memoirs, and for this purpose he had been in communication quite recently with some of his old friends in the artistic world of London. His memoirs, if they are ever published, will describe a singular career. Since Gambart's nationality was never exactly defined, but his English was fluent even at the beginning of his career as a picture dealer. He is said to have begun commercial life in London as a seller of artificial flowers somewhere in Vardour Street, passing from that to dealing in cheap prints, and finally in pictures.

As a picture dealer, with connections both in London and in Paris, he amassed great wealth, which enabled him when he retired many years ago to build a marble palace at Les Palmiers, in the spacious rooms of which his large collection of modern pictures was displayed. Many of these he lent last year to the Spanish exhibition at the Guildhall. Gambart's relations with the artists to have been of the friendliest, for he was one of the most hospitable of men. Mr. G. A. Storey, a R. A., in his interesting book, "Sketches from Memory," gives a glimpse of Gambart from the social side when describing his project for a grand fancy dress ball, at which the guests were to be the chief artists of England and the continent.

The invitations were issued, and a vast ballroom was erected at Gambart's house in Avenue Road, when a terrible gas explosion occurred, resulting in loss of life, the destruction of the ballroom and the partial destruction of the house. Many of the pictures in the rooms were destroyed and Gambart found next morning among the debris a scorched canvas without a frame, and "rolled up like a thin biscuit." It was an Alma Tadema, and its condition seemed hopeless. Yet it was sent to the picture store, and it came back looking even better than before, "the tone was improved." Of course, the artist's ball had to be postponed, but it was held two months later, with brilliant success, at Willis' rooms.

During the last years of his life Mr. Gambart acted as Spanish consul at Nice, and the Royal Victorian Order was conferred on him. He possessed many decorations, probably less distinguished, at a far earlier period. Once he was invited to the Royal Academy banquet, and to the purpose of his artist-hobby, the successful picture dealer came with his breast literally covered with the insignia of various foreign orders of unknown origin.—London Post.

A WOMAN CARPENTER.

Hates Men, Is Devoted to Work, and of Varied Accomplishments.

When her husband left her a few years ago, Mrs. Sarah Jones Griffith, of Vine-land, made a solemn vow never again to have a man about the house. She declared her husband was lazy and wanted everything his own way, and that heretofore she had kept him in his place by her way, and as far as she was concerned, all the other men could have their own way provided they kept their distance from her.

Because of her vow never to have anyone of the male persuasion about her house, Mrs. Griffith found herself in a peculiar predicament several months ago, when she conceived the idea of building a house according to her own particular architecture and inside arrangements. She had to choose between hiring workmen or erecting her house alone, so she decided to start by herself. Unaided and with her own hands she is building a cottage for herself.

Mrs. Griffith now has five rooms completed, and has done all the work from foundation to roof, including the digging of the cellar, masonry, construction of building timbers, lathing, plastering and roofing. Then, too, she has placed a furnace in her cellar and piped her house, the system of heating being hot air. Mrs. Griffith has shown courage, patience and endurance, her most remarkable work, in the opinion of some people, being the carting of brick (by herself and unaided) from a brickyard, a distance of about five miles, for use in filling in between the wooden framing and plastering along the studding timbers to make her home extra warm.

Mrs. Griffith says she is no common hatchet and saw carpenter or wood butcher. She asserts that she is a first class architect and builder, and that her home, when finished, will be a masterpiece.

Dr. Edward Koch's picture is here shown, also that of Dr. Robert Koch. Both are German physicians.

Dr. Edward Koch, who is determined to make his home in America, returned from Germany last August.

After spending much time in the hospitals of Dr. Robert Koch, in Berlin, he went to the Tuberculosis Congress in London, where he introduced his great invention, the Koch Inhalation Apparatus, which is used by him for vaporizing healing oils, combined with the Koch Tuberculin, in such a way that they can be thrown into vapors so fine that they are a million globules of oil to every cubic inch of vapor.

These vapors penetrate the deeper recesses of the lungs and thereby come directly in contact with the diseased surface, and this explains why this system has been so successful in the treatment of Consumption and Asthma.

In the various large cities where the offices and Sanitariums of the Koch Lung Cure are located, several hundred testimonials from cured patients have been published. Some of these former sufferers live in Washington, where you can call upon them. The Washington office is at 730 Eleventh Street northwest.

Dr. Koch's visit to the sanitarium of Dr. Goetsch in Vienna proved that attenuated doses as given in practice by the Koch Lung Cure and by Dr. Goetsch have been far more successful than by any other system of administration with which he had come in contact.

Persons calling at the office of the Koch Lung Cure at 730 Eleventh Street northwest, Washington, receive consultation, careful examination and a trial treatment free.

Upward of one thousand letters have been received within the past ten days, all suggesting more or less appropriate names for our new and beautiful line of Ladies' Shoes. It has been an exceedingly difficult task for the committee to determine which among them was most desirable, but the name of "BETSY ROSS" was chosen because of its association with the American Flag, and for the reason that it is short, dignified, and a name not easily forgotten. If Miss Rae Potts, who was first to suggest this name, will call at the Family Shoe Store tomorrow we shall be pleased to fit her with a pair of our daintiest \$5 Shoes. Below are some shoes that are already famous.

The "American Girl" Shoe is sold throughout the country at its stamped price—\$2.50 a pair. We have this footwear in patent leather, vici kid, and ideal kid—and our price tomorrow will be—

Among the medium priced shoes for ladies, our "Daisy" leads them all in popularity. Made up in fine choice kid—hand welt, flexible soles—kid or patent leather tips—all sizes—all widths. Choice—

Our "Capitol" Shoes for men are made up in variety of leathers, including vici kid, patent leather, and box calf—medium or full extension soles—hand welted—

We are just introducing a new line of Fall and Winter Shoes for men; made up in ideal kid, velour, and box calf, vici kid, patent calf, and enameled—hand sewed. Regular \$5 values—for—

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as pretty and commodious as any cottage in the suburbs of this city. She says she will take her time in doing the work, however, as she has done heretofore.

Vine-land's new woman carpenter is a wonderfully versatile woman, and does floral and fancy work for the most capricious purchasers as skillfully as she wields the hammer, saw and trowel. Out of was the imitates flowers and fruit that nobody can tell a sight from the genuine, and makes beautiful floral ornaments from hair, seeds and cotton. This town's twentieth century woman carpenter and man hater can often be seen walking along a narrow scaffolding with working tools in hand, or soldering tin on the roof. She has kept her word never to have a man about the house, and, as if accentuating her vow, can be heard the steady tappings of her hammer from morning till night.—New York Tribune.

## TRAMP HIS BENEFACTOR.

Wealthy Man Who Owed Fortune to Clever Hobo.

No matter how seedy or how disreputable in appearance he may be, no tramp is ever denied a square meal at the home of Mrs. George W. Hopper here, or at her summer cottage, Driftwood, on the lake. Tramps know this, but they do not know that the gratitude of the family goes with every hand-out to an unknown tramp who laid the foundations of the Hopper fortune.

Years ago George W. Hopper, now deceased, was an employee of the Standard Oil Company. He was employed in the department in which the barrels were painted before being filled. Though the barrels were thoroughly painted through the wood, causing the paint to peel off and the barrels to leak. One day a tramp whom Hopper had fed was hanging around the paint shed. He heard Hopper say that he wished he knew how to paint barrels so that the oil would not come out. The tramp told him to fill the barrels with water and then paint them. When the paint was dry pour out the water and fill them with oil. Hopper tried the experiment and it worked.

The royalties and the advancement obtained by Hopper through this bit of advice brought him wealth in a few years. Though the method has been given up long since, Hopper owed his start to that one thing alone.

When Hopper died two years ago he left a fortune estimated at \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000. He had tried to find the unknown man who had proved his method, and he declared that he would find him if the tramp should be made a rich man. But he never found the hobo. Hopper really exchanged a dinner for a fortune.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SLEEPING IN OPEN AIR.

Has anyone ever dilated on the benefit of sleeping out of doors? asks a writer in "London Sketch." If not, I think it is high time some one gave it an important place in the many "cures" that are advertised and not advocated in the present day. It is not a cure, however, to be pursued in the London streets or you might eventually find yourself inside a police station, which might possibly result in a cell in more senses than one. But in the country, in secluded spots on the open common, and in leaf-shaded nooks out of doors, somnolence is remarkable for its soothing effect and its restorative qualities. Possibly it may be practiced aboard a house-boat with distinguished success. Get a comfortably easy chair beneath the awning, with your nose in the shade, and your toes in the sun, and gaze placidly at the fair prospect around. You will become interested in the passing boats, you will be lulled by "the rhythm of the rulloek and the music of the oar," and you will presently begin to nod at people with whom you have no previous acquaintance. Then you will drift into dreams. Presently a sudden shout or a violent splash will arouse you, and you will open one eye, and, finding the landscape quite as satisfactory as ever, you will nod your approval, and go on nodding like a Chinese mandarin in a tea shop. If you are when nodding ceases snoring will supervene. And when the latter symptom becomes too violent, you will awake suddenly, but you will awake soothed, refreshed and invigorated. You will feel absolutely different to your experience of a post-nodding snooze. I wish the "Lancet" would give us a learned dissertation on the benefit of open-air slumber.

Travelers, however, have given the inhabitants of these uplands an evil reputation. In other words, the Akikuyu are said to be a suspicious, treacherous, and hostile to all strangers. But the latest testimony, coming from Major Richard Crawshaw, of the British army, who has lived among these people for years, is to the effect that they are the finest African people he ever met, and he has had long experience among many tribes in British East Africa.

It will be interesting to read some things that Major Crawshaw says about the country in which white men may live in good health and about the remarkable natives who inhabit it.

The first traveler to describe this region was the late explorer, Joseph Thomson, who wrote as follows of the large area of Kikuyu lying between 6,000 and 9,000 feet above the sea, where it is said white men may live and work: "Drought is unknown, and astonishing fertility is everywhere seen. Streams abound in great numbers. Enormous quantities of sweet potatoes, yams, cassava, sugar cane, millet, etc., are raised. The supply seems to be quite inexhaustible. From my return journey I found a caravan of over 1,500 men who remained a month and carried away little short of three months' provisions, yet it did not seem perceptibly to affect the supply or to raise the ridiculously low prices. Extremely fat sheep and goats abound, and there are cattle in considerable numbers."—New York Sun.

THE 12½c Towels at 8c are 18x36 Honeycomb Bath Towels; the 12½c quality at 9c are 18x38 Hemmed Huck Towels; the 25c quality at 19c are 20x40 All- linen Huck Towels. All are standard makes, and guaranteed to give satisfaction. Second floor for these Towels and Bedwear, as quoted in another paragraph.

Prize Winner Announced!

Washington, D. C., Sept. 28, 1902.

Mr. Joseph Strasburger.